THE PACIFIC

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NOBLE DEEDS.

Whene'er a noble deed is wrought,
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,
  Our hearts in glad surprise,
  To higher levels rise.

The tidal wave of deeper souls
Into our inmost being rolls,
  And lifts us unawares
  Out of all meaner cares

Honor to those whose words or deeds
Thus help us in our daily needs
  And by their overflow
  Raise us from what is low!

—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

THE PACIFIC

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W. W. FERRIER ..... Editor

2716 Hillegass Ave., Berkeley

Around the man who seeks a noble end
Not angels but divinities attend.
—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

IN HONOR OF DR. McLEAN.

Thursday evening, April 27th, the trustees and faculty of Pacific Theological Seminary gave, in the Shattuck Hotel in Berkeley, a banquet to the Rev. Dr. John Knox McLean, the retiring president of the seminary. About a hundred invited guests were present—trustees and alumni, and representatives from the various circles in which the Doctor has been a prominent figure for almost forty years. President Wheeler of the University was in attendance, as was also the venerable Professor Howison, the noted teacher of philosophy for so many years. Mr. Warren Wilkinson, who retired a few years ago, after a highly useful and honorable career of nearly a half a century at the head of the State institution for the deaf and dumb and blind, was also one of the distinguished guests.

Dr. Thomas Addison acted as toast-master, saying in preliminary remarks that we were assembled to help to honor a man as staunch and straight and true in character as the symmetrical pines of the beloved Sierras and whose half-century of work for his fellow-men had in it much that was marked and unusual.

Mr. C. Z. Merritt, as a representative of the board of trustees, said that he shrank from speaking concerning Dr. McLean officially, having known him better personally than in his official capacity. Thirty-nine years ago a boy in his church he looked up to him reverently, and out of that boyish reverence had come a great filial love, deepening as the years went by and as Dr. McLean touched him in the various experiences of his life. Mr. Merritt spoke tenderly of him as the inspirer of his youth, the counselor and guide of his riper years—as one whose voice and hand were to him ever as the voice and hand of the good shepherd.

And we thought, as we listened to this beautiful tribute, that the speaker was one only of very many who could give such testimony, and that Dr. McLean's forty years here in California had indeed been fruitful years—years well worth while.

Turning to speak of Dr. McLean officially Mr. Merritt told of his vision, of his power of seeing things and of **making others see them.** Thus it was that Pacific Theological Seminary was in Berkeley, alongside our great university. Thus it was that there was here an affiliation of seminaries; a co-operation admirable in spirit and bearing the promise of immeasurable good in future years, as it leavened in one way and another the religious bodies thus co-ordinated.

In introducing the speaker who was selected to represent the faculty of the seminary, Professor Charles Sumner Nash, Dr. Addison remarked that Dr. McLean was fortunate as he went down toward life's sunset to have as a helper a man such as Professor Nash, and such an one as his successor.

Professor Nash spoke of President McLean's forceful, capable leadership, of the nobility of his character, his approachableness, and of the delight all had in following such a man. He told of the desire to keep ever green his memory as the centuries rolled on, and stated that what was to be known as the "McLean Fund" had been started—twenty thousand dollars having been subscribed toward a desired fifty thousand dollar sum for some seminary chair or foundation to be thus designated. It was announced that one friend had expressed a readiness to be one of six persons to subscribe the thirty thousand yet needed, and that the seminary alumni, anxious to be represented in a matter so worthy, had that day pledged six hundred dollars toward one thousand which the association in annual reunion had voted to assume.

Stating that Dr. McLean was accustomed to speak of Drs. Benton, Mooar and Dwinell as "The Big Three" of the seminary, Professor Nash said that along with these three must go Dr. McLean and it would stand now "The Big Four"—all denominational and interdenominational figures, and national and international as well. Concluding with the remark that their lives, the atmosphere created by them, would go on while the world should stand and that the faculty would do anything to honor their noble leader, Professor Nash bade Dr. McLean Godspeed into the immortal future.

Speaking for the alumni, the Rev. Alfred I. Kennedy, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, told how years ago a woman friend of his, who had lived under Dr. McLean's ministry, had created within him a longing to know him and to come under the broadening influence of his life. And then, as one to whom had come the privilege of being trained by him for the work of the gospel ministry, Mr. Kennedy dwelt on the gift which he had of imparting something of the Divine Master to all thus in touch with him and told of a love for him in hearts all around the world.

The Rev. Dr. Claiborne M. Hill, president of the Baptist Theological Seminary, remarked that he considered it a great honor to be there to speak of the co-operation of the seminaries which had been brought about by Dr. McLean and that he spoke out of a full heart. Dr. Hill said that when he came to Oakland seventeen years ago as a pastor he found Dr. McLean the recognized leader of the Christian hosts of all denominations—easily "the first citizen" of Oakland. Always in all things a leader safe and strong! Mention was made of the aid which Dr. McLean had rendered his church in the liquidating of an indebtedness. As to his work in bringing about the co-operation of the seminaries President Hill showed how wisely Dr. McLean had engineered matters, saying among other things: We will spread the table for you, and if you come and see anything you want you can take it, and what you do not want you need not take.

Now, when crowned with the fruitage of well-spent years, Dr. McLean was about to retire, President Hill's thought was that a veritable Father in Israel was being taken from them.

In introducing President Wheeler of the University of California Dr. Addison referred to the vivid picture which President McLean had drawn before him as some years ago he set forth the advantages of changing the location of the seminary from Oakland to Berkeley. All had been realized said Dr. Addison because of the hearty response and co-operation of such a man as Dr. Wheeler.

In the course of his remarks President Wheeler said that he was thankful indeed for the coming of the seminary, for its admirable faculty. "They are an important part of us and of our community and we owe all to Dr. McLean." As to the latter he remarked that his life here had been to the university a perfect benediction—in every good way an encourager and helper.

Mr. Frederick S. Stratton, the collector of customs at the port of San Francisco, representing the community in general, told of knowing Dr. McLean from his earliest recollections, and how he had stood all these years as a great beacon light, shining out over the sea of life all along these western shores. He referred to the direction which Dr. McLean had given time and again to important public affairs and bore witness of the fact that in every act and experience by their association with him men were made nobler and better.

Dr. McLean had been assigned a place on the program for a "response." But Dr. Addison stated that on account of the strenuous work of the last few days—a trustees' meeting of three hours' duration on Wednesday and the graduation exercises of the seminary that day, at which he presided, and because also his heart was almost too full for utterance—he had been asked to express for him his heartfelt thanks for this loving remembrnace.

Glad are we to give account in the columns of The Pacific of one of the most deserving tributes ever paid to a citizen of California. Dr. McLean's life, one of rare and beautiful simplicity, yet one of marked power, has meant, these many years, to California and the whole Pacific Coast more than words can tell.

With remarkable serenity he did each day, each hour, the work at hand to do; and near and far, not only in his own denomination but in all denominations, not only along ecclesiastical and educational lines, but along civic and political as well, his influence has been greatly felt, and has been such as will abide for long.

On the program that evening at the banquet with each topic for a "toast" was a suggestive snatch of poetry selected by Professor Bade, and applicable in the main to some experience or achievement in Dr. McLean's career.

Linked with "The Trustees" was Shakespeare's

"To look far
Into the service of the time, and be
Discipled of the bravest."

Coupled with "The Theological Schools" was this—

"Like coats in heraldry,
Due but to one, and crowned with one crest."

Set to the one on "The Community" was the following from Oliver Wendell Holmes—

"You hear that boy laughing? You think he's all fun;
But the angels laugh too at the good he has done."

And with that of "The University of California" were the words of Young—

"Knocks at our hearts, and finds our thoughts at home."

. . . . . .

Now, when Dr. McLean is about to lay aside the public duties which have long been his and in the discharge of which he has endeared himself so widely, hearts everywhere are hoping that it will be given him to abide here a long time yet,

"For age is opportunity no less
Than youth itself, though in another dress."

A MOVEMENT FOR A YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION BUILDING.

A campaign is about to be inaugurated in Seattle for the raising of $400,000 for a building for the Young Women's Christian Association of that city. The Pacific hopes that it will be a success and that the next move of this kind will be in Oakland where there has been talk for some time of the need for such a building.

The Young Women's Christian Association is doing a great work. Take for instance the Travelers' Aid work alone. It has been well said concerning it: "God and eternity alone can measure the influence of this kind of work."

We find in the last report of the San Francisco Association the following account of help rendered by a secretary whose work lies at the Ferry building: "Late one night a policeman informed me of a young woman in tears at the Ferry, and that no effort of his could draw from her the cause. I found that she had come from a country town in answer to an advertisement in the paper for employment in a home far out in the Sunset district. She had tried in vain to find the place, but it grew dark and some man had strangely accosted her and frightened her, so that she had jumped on the first car back to the Ferry. There was no train returning to her home that night and she had not enough money to take her even there, nor quite enough for a night's lodging in a respectable place, had she known of such. So she was altogether helpless and pitiable. I cheered her by saying I would accompany her to the address and if the place proved all it should be, very well; if not, she should be cared for and helped by the Association and not left to the mercy of strangers. Our only difficulty was in arousing the people, which took much ringing and calling, but everything proved proper and good, so she remained."

Here is another account of help given: "A young fellow and his sister were told they must go to the Flood Building, some eight blocks away, to gain news of the departure of the next train, which was held while the road was being repaired. This trip, made three times, in a little open express wagon, in the driving rain, cost these green country young people ten dollars, when the same information could have been given them at the Ferry depot, where they were waiting. The man still had them in tow in hopes of getting their last penny, when I surmised something was wrong and spoke to the travelers, informing them of the hour of their departure. I then took them to a reasonable restaurant for their one meal of the day, then, dry, warm and comfortable, I piloted them across the bay to their train."

The resident secretary at the Association Home in San Francisco says: "It would be impossible to enumerate the different cases which have to be attended to every day. Problems have to be solved, lonely girls come here just because they are alone and lonely. It was only this afternoon a young girl came to me, because she said she 'was so

blue.' It was the reaching out for human sympathy; she said she had to tell someone, so came to the Young Women's Christian Association. What joy it is to help such cases; to be able to bring even a ray of sunshine into a life. It is the Master's work, and it is glorious work. Hundreds have come here from all parts of the world and we strive to meet the needs of each one by taking them into the home."

"LITTLE PROBLEMS OF MARRIED LIFE."

The foregoing is the title of a book by William George Jordan which deserves more than a passing notice, so replete is it with suggestions calculated to make for happiness.

Here is a paragraph from the chapter, "More Courtship After Marriage," which is well worth quoting:

"Ofttimes some little touch of loving sweetness throws a golden streak of happiness through a wife's whole day, and an involuntary half-smile and a love-light in the eyes born of the remembrance, hours later, tell of the vitalizing power of a seeming trifle, forgotten or perhaps unnoted by him who thus gladdened a life anew. There are more people on this great big rolling earth hungering for sweetness, tenderness, and words of gentle appreciation, genial confidence and generous affection than are starving for bread. Such words that were the current coin of conversation before marriage often seem withdrawn from circulation afterwards; with husband and wife these delicate messengers of affection cost so little—sometimes only a thought, but it is the thought, that is all. There are men who would no more think voluntarily of carrying home a bunch of roses, just as a bit of sentiment, than they would think of taking home a bridge, or a cathedral, or two or three miles of sea-coast."

In the chapter on "The Tyranny of Too Tight a Reign" we read:

"Tyranny in a nation can transform the freest people that ever breathed into hopeless slaves, numbly submissive and spiritless, or scheming rebels with a smile on their lips but hate in their hearts as they dream their golden dreams of secret revolt and a bold break for liberty. There is a brand of bossism in married life, of petty tyranny in the home that duplicates in miniature this dilemma of results. It saps the ambition, courage and vitality of husbands and wives and transforms them into dull, crushed, colorless beings; or, if they do not submit thus meekly it trains them persistently in smiling hypocrisy, trickery, deceit, lying and plotting to cheat the tyranny they do not dare openly to resent!

There is a chapter with suggestions as to how to hold monotony at bay in which it is said: "Monotony is the malaria of matrimony. It poisons the home atmosphere, gradually exhausts the life-giving oxygen of love and comradeship and leaves one stifling in an air of discontent, protest and rebellion."

In the article on "Comradeship in Married Life" it is asserted: "The truest, sweetest and happiest marriages are those of two who just are wedded sweethearts and good chums. With this duality of condition and trust that keeps their atmosphere pure, clear, bracing and wholesome, all sources of discord are neutralized, all joys are doubled by sharing, all sorrows lightened by mutual sympathy, comfort and inspiration, and all problems solved in the sweet sacredness of conference, with the united wisdom of both ever at the command of either, needing no outside referee."

In another chapter, on "Compromises," we are told that "little compromises and concessions make up much of the poetry of married life," and that standing ever squarely on one's rights constitute its prose.

"At any critical moment if both express at the same time a desire to defer to the other's taste, the result is foreordained for happiness. This makes matrimony not merely union, but unison and unity."

Most of the surrenders in married life, it is said, are in trifles where it really makes no difference which surrenders. "The great questions, the large problems, usually unfold all their phases under the sunshine of conference, and the issue is the dual wisdom in a single verdict which is unanimous."

A chapter is devoted to Fault-finding, in which we are told that constant fault-finding means death to the happiness of both. "It is hopelessly foolish, too, for no man or woman was ever converted from a fault, failing or weakness, through nagging. It rouses the worst side of human nature, stubbornness, bitterness, opposition; it never stimulates nor inspires the better side."

On the "Danger of Growing Apart Mentally," it is said: "It is so easy to keep together if both realize the vital importance to all that is sweetest in life in keeping in step, in true comradeship. Talking over the affairs of their individual lives and their life in common, the hopes, the joys and the problems, gives each the basis of knowledge from which most truly to understand and advise each other. Reading the same books, discussing the same current events, hearing the same music, seeing the same plays, criticising the same pictures, having dearest friends in common, agreeing on the same spiritual and ethical attitude towards life, and sharing in thoughts and plans will do much towards making a growing apart mentally an impossibility."

There are many other chapters of interest and value. And our thought is as we turn the leaves of this book that its place in almost any home would make for peace and happiness. So apt are all to, at least, forget.

The book is published by the F. H. Revell Company, New York, in most attractive form, and may be had for one dollar net.

ITALIAN MODERNISM—SOCIAL AND RELIGIOUS.

A prolonged stay in Italy last year gave Professor William Frederic Bade of Pacific Theological Seminary an opportunity to come in contact with many of the men now at the helm in social religious and philosophical movements in that country and thus to make a study of those movements. Out of this grew a contribution to the April number of The Harvard Theological Review on "Italian Modernism, Social and Religious." This has been reprinted in pamphlet form. It has also been translated into three foreign languages—French, German and Italian.

In this article Professor Bade points out that Modernism, religiously, is neither a movement toward Protestantism nor Protestantism in disguise. Modernism is **within** the Church, not without. While there is for various reasons widespread defection from Roman Catholicism the Protestant denominations are not profiting by this to any extent. Professor Bade says: "Whether this is because the alienated masses conceive Protestantism to stand for the same kind of medievalism from which they are reacting, or whether it is because of a tactless and ineffective propaganda, I am unable to say. Certain it is that the proportion of Protestants to Catholics in Italy is inconsiderable. According to the last census (1901) there were in round

numbers, of male inhabitants more than fifteen years old, 10,280,000 Roman Catholics, 26,000 Protestants, and 13,000 Jews. Considering that foreign residents and travelers are included among Protestants, their number is so small that it constitutes at present a negligible quantity among the social and religious forces of Italy."

But the great outstanding fact of the situation is found to be "the anti-clerical movement which, from various quarters is assailing Roman Catholicism." "Socialism from without and modernism from within are weakening the absolutism and prestige of the Vatican."

It is stated that more than half of the leading daily papers of Italy are anti-clerical. Some of the Italian journals have been put upon the index, but they are continuing on their way undeterred.

Professor Bade concludes: No one who has watched of late the horizon of Italy's agitated public life can fail to see that ominous clouds are gathering above the Vatican." And he asks: "Will some Benedetto, as in Fogazzaro's impressive night-scene, succeed in slipping past the cabal of cardinals to carry warning of the coming storm to one who is in truth a prisoner?"

PACIFIC COAST NOTES.

San Diego raised $150,000 for a Y. . C. A. building in a twelve days' campaign.

It is expected that several thousand delegates will be in attendance at the meeting of the American Medical Association in Los Angeles the last week in June.

Ten thousand of the 25,000 Bibles soon to be shipped to the Pacific Coast will be put in hotels and lodging houses in Los Angeles.

A campaign is about to be inaugurated in Los Angeles for the raising of $500,000 for the enlargement of Y. M. C. A. work in that city. The new ten-story building is taxed beyond its capacity and branches are needed.

The eight-hour law for working-women has commenced to turn them out of employment, men being put on in their places. This was to be expected to some extent. But it is likely that in many lines of work and business adaptation will be made so as to continue the women in service.

A writer in the San Francisco Star, commenting on Dr. Aked's recent address on Woman Suffrage, says: "Dr. Aked comes to us with no axe to grind, no revenges to satisfy, no prejudices to conquer. He shows quick comprehension of conditions, while avowing himself new in the study. I think every woman who heard his address must have gone away with several cubits added to her stature, metaphorically speaking, and her determination to work for the cause increased tenfold."

THE "WALKING" CURE.

Doctors are of one mind in advocating walking as one of the best means of keeping the human machine in good working order, and one of New York's foremost medical authorities went as far as to say, in a lecture to young men studying for the profession, that if every adult could be persuaded to make a conscientious habit of walking five miles every day, there would be such a prompt and general improvement in health that doctors would soon have to be looking for other ways of making a living.—From Physical Culture for May.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

The Rev. Dr. Aked of the First Congregational Church, San Francisco, is located now in his own home at 3505 Jackson street.

The address at the next meeting of the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity will be by Superintendent Rathbone—"Some Reflections from the Last Census."

Professor Bade of Pacific Theological Seminary has been invited to San Diego next week to give an address on "The Panama Canal," The occasion being the formal opening of the new hotel in that city.

The Rev. A. W. Palmer of Oakland goes to Southern California next week to attend the annual meeting of the Southern California Congregational Conference and to give an address thereat. The meeting is at Whittier.

The Rev. Ira. G. Hambleton and family have returned to Sebastopol after spending several months at Albuquerque, New Mexico. Mr. Hambleton's health was much improved by the New Mexico climate. They will live on their ranch near Sebastopol.

The California College of Pharmacy has presented to Plymouth Congregational Church, San Francisco, a bas-relief of the late Professor Searby, who was for many years a beloved member of Plymouth Church. The likeness is a good one.

The Rev. C. C. Cragin has resigned the pastorate at Linco'n and Palermo, although his heart was in the work there; and, on account of his daughter for whom the climate of Campbell is better suited, will make his home at that place. He will be available from time to time as pulpit supply. Of a family of six Mr. Cragin and his daughter only are left in this earthly life.

Mr. P. H. Scullin, the founder of the National Industrial Peace Association, gave an interesting address last Monday at the meeting of the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity. Long time a labor union man, Mr. Scullin saw that the workingman and those linked with him by family ties were the greatest sufferers by the strikes and all their concomitants and he conceived the plan of an organization that would have as its aim a peaceful settlement of all disputes by arbitration. The movement is worthy the endorsement of all fair-minded men. There are of course some labor leaders who oppose it, for they oppose almost everything that is fair—failing for one reason or another to discern what is for the real interest of the workingman. It is to be hoped that the National Industrial Peace Association will be able to so extend its influence as to bring about a general acceptance of its principles.

The Sacramento Association will meet with the church at Loomis, May 2-3. A fine program has been prepared on the theme, "The Christian Church." First, "Its Belief"; second, "Its Dynamic"; third, "Its Task." In different addresses or papers will be answers to the question, "What does the Church believe? First, concerning God; second, concerning the Bible; third, concerning Jesus Christ; fourth, concerning the Holy Spirit. Its task will be considered as it relates to the home, to the mart, to civic affairs. How many it meet the task there; and how in the brotherhood fact; how in the sonship fact, and how in bringing men to Christ. There is to be a symposium on "The Christian

Church—What May It Receive?" In this connection will be considered: Private Communion and Prayer; Public Worship; the Sacraments of Baptism and the Lord's Supper. One of the evening addresses will be on Christianity the Ultimate Religion. Evidently our brethren of the Sacramento Association have determined to serve a real intellectual and spiritual banquet to all who may be privileged to attend.

The Rev. B. V. Bazata has resigned the pastorate at Burlingame. Among the persons in attendance at a farewell reception given him last week was the Catholic priest of that place, who spoke of the need for more co-operation on the part of Catholics and Protestants, showing himself a man progressive far beyond most of the Roman Catholic priests. It is one of the good signs of the times.

The Rev. and Mrs. Marshall Meserve take departure this week from Berkeley for Humboldt county, Mr. Meserve having accepted the call to the work at Falk and Field's Landing. Since his graduation from Pacific Theological Seminary last year Mr. Meserve has been taking post-graduate studies, serving also as secretary for Dr. McLean and as pastor at Suisun. He is looking forward to a pleasant work of several years in Humboldt county. His field demands the preparation of but one sermon a week, services being conducted at one of the points on Sunday afternoons and at the other in the evening. Considerable opportunity is therefore afforded for reading and study as well as for ample preparation. A few years in such a field ought to develop a man more than the seminary course, admirable and necessary as that is.

SOME SEATTLE NOTES.

Eight persons were received to membership in Pilgrim Church, Seattle, on Easter Sunday.

The Rev. Dr. Samuel Greene has returned to Seattle after several months' sojourn in Florida, greatly improved in health. The rest in that Southern clime after twenty-five years in the arduous work of the Sunday School Society in Washington has meant much to this veteran worker.

Arrangements have been made to have the Rev. Robert A. Hume, one of the American Board missionaris to India, supply Pilgrim Church, Seattle, June 4th and 11th. The pastor, the Rev Dr. Edward Lincoln Smith, expects to be away from Seattle most of the month of June. Port of the time he will be in attendance at the meeting of the Congregational Home Missionary Society in San Francisco and at the Pacific Coast Congress in Portland.

GRADUATION EXERCISES OF PACIFIC THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

The graduation exercises of Pacific Theological Seminary for the year 1910-11 were held in the First Congregational Church of Berkeley on Thursday, April 27.

The Rev. L. L. Wirt of the class of 1890 read the scripture lesson and the Rev. R. H. Campbell of 1910 offered prayer.

The anniversary address was given by President Guth of the College of the Pacific on "Preaching by Living."

The diplomas and degrees were conferred by President McLean of the Seminary; after which Dean Nash addressed the graduating class briefly, the thoughts being in part: Life cannot be properly lived if it is self-centered. Beyond the cross is joy supreme. They who are carried to the skies on flowery beds of ease will not find the same skies that they will find who travel the harder ways.

The graduating class consisted of seven persons: Marshall Dawson, Nicolai Evanson, Ernest Belden Hart, David Ralston, Harold Saxe Tuttle, Kirouki Aoto, and Yutaka Ota.

To the two first named diplomas were given and on the others was conferred the degree of Bachelor of Divinity.

Kunio Kodaira of the class of 1910 received the degree of Master of Sacred Theology.

The Japanese will work among their countrymen in the United States.

Mr. Tuttle who has been in charge of the church at Sunol for some time, has accepted a call to be assistant pastor and director of religious education in the First Congregational Church of Los Angeles.

Mr. Ralston has had charge of the Methodist work in South San Francisco and will continue there until the next conference year.

Mr. Evanson has been in charge of the Congregational work at Bay Point since its inception, and will remain there for a time.

Mr. Dawson goes to Auburn for the summer to supply the Congregational Church at that place.

Mr. Hart, who finished the course of study last December, entered in January on the pastorate of the Congregational Church at Petaluma. He is to be ordained next week by the Sonoma Association.

A CHORAL VESPER.

A choral vesper, sung by choir and congregation, follows the benediction each Sunday evening at the First Congregational Church, San Francisco. The words, by Dr. Aked, are:

Father, Son, and Spirit, hear us,
Through the darkness help and cheer us,
'Mid the storms of life be near us,
And give us peace!

The music is by Mr. J. A. Hebson, organist of Pembroke Chapel, Liverpool, where Dr. Aked was pastor before coming to New York.

EIGHTEEN YEARS OF SPLENDID SERVICE.

The Rev. George Robertson has resigned the pastorate of the Congregational Church at Mentone, Cal., after a service of eighteen years, in which he has endeared himself to the community in a marked way. The Redlands Daily Facts says:

"He has been a great power in the religious, moral and intellectual life of Mentone and of all this section. Deeply imbued with the scientific spirit, filled with an intense love of nature as well as of and for humanity, genial, altruistic and filled with a zeal beyond the capacity of his physical being to gratify, he has ever been counted among the progressive, live, dependable men of the community. On the organization of the University of Redlands he was at once singled out for one of the important chairs, which he has filled to the great satisfaction of all coming in contact with his work. This is growing, so that he has found it necessary to curtail his labor in some quarter, and decided that it would be best for all concerned for him to relinquish his pastorate."

In his letter of resignation Mr. Robertson says to the Mentone church: "For eighteen years we have enjoyed a happy pastoral relationship. I have received nothing but kindness from you in all these years. Surely you have been a generous, loving and loyal people."

He pays deserved tribute to his wife in the words: "I am sure that this long pastorate would have been impossible had it not been for the help of Mrs. Robertson. Her loyal and sympathetic, constant and self-sacrificing work, for the church and Sabbath school, needs no words of commendation from me. She has been a helper indeed."

Mrs. Robertson's helpfulness and leadership in woman's misisonary work in Southern California all these years has won for her a large place in our Congregationalism. Though their work will be henceforth in a college directed by the Baptists, it is not probable that their Congregational ecclesiastical relations will be severed, and so in various ways the work Mr. and Mrs. Robertson have been doing among us these eighteen years will go on.

The position which Mr. Robertson will fill is the Professorship of Biology and Geology. Teaching science is a pleasant work for him, for he has been busied with it not a little since he left college. It was a knowledge of this fact that led the managers of the University at Redlands to offer him two years ago a position as instructor in botany and geology to which he agreed to give such time as would not make necessary any separation from his church and pastorate. But the work has enlarged, and now it seems best that he devote himself wholly to the University. Forward and backward, how pleasant and joyous the outlook!

In Mentone, long a health resort, it was given to Mr. and Mrs. Robertson to minister to the sick and lonely from all parts of the country. And most tenderly was it done though the tax on their sympathy was often exhausting. Looking back on those years of such ministration the pastor says: "This service was worth while."

A PRAYER IN THE COLOSSEUM.

O God of the ages and of the hours, Father of the multitudes and of the single soul, Fear of the evil and Joy of the good, Overthrower of the Mighty and Exalter of the humble, Rebuker of the wrong-doer and Deliverer of the innocent, here in this vast tomb of paganism and inhumanity we give Thee thanks for the sure triumph of righteousness and love.

We thank Thee for Him who endured the cross, despising the shame, before whose feet the scepter has fallen from the hand of Tyranny and at whose voice the cries of cruelty and of suffering have sunk into silence.

We thank Thee for the martyrs who here have witnessed a good confession and, looking not into the faces of their tormentors, but into the sky above, have seen the heavens opened and the Son of Man seated at the right hand of power.

Help us, we pray Thee, not to make Pleasure the chief end in life. Keep us from insensibility to the fate and the feelings of others. Give us grace to witness by our lives to the Gospel of Thy Son in the day of quietness and calm as Thy servants have done in the day of distress and persecution and thus to carry on the invisible Church of all true believers.

Finally, we pray Thee to hasten the Day, faith in whose coming springs anew within us here, when all men shall live together in the brotherhood and service of the kingdom of Thy Son our Lord. Amen.

JOHN WRIGHT BUCKHAM.

Rome, April 4, 1911.

A GOOD MOTTO.

Geo. H. DeKay.

We are all accustomed to having mottoes given us for the year, or for some particular occasion, usually a religious one. They appear at the head of the church calendar, or on the wall of the Sunday-school or prayer-meeting room, and usually they are good even if they don't get very much attention paid to them. But not long ago, stuck up on the wall of a dingy plumbing shop, I found a motto so striking that I immediately asked for it and put it up on my desk, where it has attracted so much attention and called out so much comment that I want to pass it along. **"Don't Sulk: Either Fight or Forget."** There's a lot of good advice in that. How many things there are that go wrong with us in daily affairs, in the home, the office, the shop, the church—everywhere in fact where we have to deal with other men. And how many there are who, when things don't go to suit their ideas of what is right and proper will sulk over it; carrying a grievance and nursing a hurt feeling. They drop out of the active work of the church because they don't like something the preacher said, or something that was done contrary to their ideas of what was best, and like a spoiled child sulk over it. They are offended at something you said or did in that little business transaction, and they "have it in for you" ever after. No use to cite instances or illustrations; we all have had our experiences. Don't sulk, brother, it's childish, and things only get worse that way. If it's worth fighting over fight, make a fuss; start something; see that the right thing is done and the right thing said, and stay with it until it is settled. But if it isn't worth fighting over, and a whole lot of things folk sulk over are not, then forget it. There's a sermon worth Bro. Burr's taking up in that little motto, and I pass it along. Many a man has read it and smiled over it and said, "Well, that's surely good advice." Think it over and see if you don't agree.

A MAN AT A WOMAN'S MEETING.

W. N. Burr.

He had looked forward to a sense of loneliness, but when the meeting was over he could not recall one lonely moment in the entire two days. Perhaps it was because it was a **missionary** meeting, calling together only folks of his own feather. "Home" and "Foreign" are talismanic words to one in whose soul the fires of Christian missions burn deep; and so who cares whether one sits with the representatives of the Woman's Missionary Society or with those of the Laymen's Missionary Movement, so long as the "atmosphere" is 'missionary"?

However, the Scribbler was not the only man at that missionary meeting. The Missionary Superintendent was there, and occasionally a pastor would venture in, and stand for a little while as a bit of ornamental edging, looking on. Two or three hundred women seemed too many for most of these pastors, however; so the women, the Missionary Superintendent and the Scribbler had the meeting about all to themselves much of the time.

The Scribbler sometimes caught himself wishing that more of the Southern California Congregational pastors

might have been in atendance at tht Annual Meetings of the Woman's Home Missionary Union and the Southern Branch of the Woman's Board of Missions of the Pacific, held at the First Church in Los Angeles last week. Of course they would have been there had they not been overrun with their own work. And then, too, they know that their wives and daughters and sisters, and the wives and daughters and sisters of other men are quite capable of managing the machinery of missions without any of their assistance. Still, the Scribbler has been led to wonder if that is not just the reason a whole lot of pastors ought to attend the Woman's Missionary Meetings. Their "assistance" is not needed; it is quite true. Not a man of them can give those women any pointers on the Apportionment Plan, but it is just possible that a lot of clear-headed women would be able to—the Scribbler is practicing the art of using the big stick gracefully in these days, so he will just write the pleasant word "elucidate" and let it flow where it will. It is a gentle, trickling sort of word, poetically liquid, like a mountain rill, and will certainly offend nobody. But permit the Scribbler to say that a meeting of Women's Missionary Societies like the Los Angeles meeting affords an opportunity for learning some things that one needs to know in these days, that are not taught in the theological seminaries, nor is the air of the average "Monday Ministers' Meeting" heavily charged with them.

The Scribbler found himself in possession of a good many "impressions" when the meeting was over, and he was turning back to the work in his own field. Some of these impressions were old ones intensified, and some were branded "new."

Among the former was this: That the Superintendent of Congregational Home Missions in Southern California has a job on his shoulders that, in comparison, would reduce the load of some worried business men to a featherweight. It is "a man's job" that has been thrust upon him, and no mistake; and it is a job that calls for a lift from both men and women, including pastors. To an angel from heaven looking on it might appear—shall we say "incongruous" and "inexcusable"?—for automobiles to be crowding the highways, many of them mere pleasure cars, while a Juggernaut built after the plan of a Christian money-chest, and crushingly heavy with emptiness, is permitted to move about, pinching and crushing good people who give their lives to building up a civilization that makes automobiles possible. Some of us are obliged to stop once in a while and wonder what the angels do think of us, anyway.

But the Recording Angel is not writing all his records of Southern California Congregationalism on the left-hand page of his book, if he is giving us the credits that are our due. The Woman's Home Missionary Union of these parts overleaped its aim of Six Thousand Dollars during its last fiscal year by nearly eight hundred dollars, and the "Southern Branch" of the Woman's Board of the Pacific carried its receipts beyond the seven thousand dollar mark. With regard to some matters people are not permanently weakened if they do once in a while throw their strength more for "foreign" than for "home." Are we not taught that the reactive force of foreign missionary work is inestimable?"

Perhaps the dominant impression that the Scribbler carried home with him from this meeting was that much of the burdensomeness of Christian work is due to the fact that the majority of church people have not yet reached the high plane of Business-and-Report Delight. They will run out by night after the spectacular, and never once think of going, even in the blessed light of a Southern California spring day, to study the business methods of Christian work organizations, and to gather the information that has been prepared for them in the reports. Now, the pageant, "Darkness and Light," and Dr. William Horace Day's illustrated lecture on "Mission Work in the Levant," were both well worth seeing and hearing. No one is likely to be saying too much in praise of them as educative forces. But it is not a mark of the higher education for people to prefer to be doing their hearing and thinking through their eyes. The Great Teacher frequently said, "He that hath ears to hear let him hear"; but can any one recall a time when He is reported to have said: "He that hath eyes to see let him see?" Blessed is the man of vision—the inner vision,—and blessed is the man who can reap the harvest of a quiet eye," even the natural eye; but O, for more church people who are in the ranks for business, and whose movement is not dependent upon the enticements of eye-bait.

"That which gets your attention gets you," said one of the speakers. And the Scribbler thought: "Pageants get the attention of many people who seem rather slow about yielding themselves to the business end of that which is pictured by the pageant; but no doubt the persuasive power of pictures will draw some of them along to higher ground, sooner or later."

If the day of the model Missionary Conference were well upon us the interest of the people attending this meeting would have centered upon the addresses and reports and the business sessions—with a secondary interest in the pageant and pictures. To the mind of the Scribbler the one feature of the entire two-days' meeting that one could least afford to miss was the report of the Foreign Secretary, Mrs. William G. Renwick, of Claremont. How much it might have meant to the work at home and abroad if Mrs. Renwick could have given her report to an audience as crowded and as intent upon catching every word as may be seen in almost any city at a Christian Science meeting when the "reader" is calmly reading the deliverances of Mrs. Eddy! We have pounded the Christian Scientists not a little, but let us acknowledge that they can give us pointers in concentration—thought concentration. They are good listeners, needing not the medium of pictures to aid in bringing their minds to attention.

Mrs. Renwick's "report" was an exhortation. "It is the same work," she said, "whether it be here in the homeland or yonder on foreign soil—the overcoming of indifference, the opening of the vision, the melting of prejudice." And again she said: "Would you join in the mad work of killing the prophets, and stoning them that are sent out with the message? Be careful lest you do that very thing. Stand with the prophets, and let the opposition come from outside."

From first to last it was "a good meeting." The addresses were good—and three were given by missionaries on furlough—Miss Jones, of China; Miss Rice, of Turkey; Mrs. Grace, of India. The illustrated lecture was good; the pageant was good; the reports were good; the treasurers brought cheering financial reports; the officers of both societies have "made good," and most of them were re-elected—probably because they are good urgers. Perhaps some workers who dwell in small communities sometimes feel that the people who lag behind and who need urging all live in their town; but they don't. The great big city churches and missionary societies do not have all their work done by touching a button. Leaders everywhere are obliged to "urge on the lagging souls," and to give line

upon line and precept upon precept over and over again to people who are not quick to sense the deeper needs. Mrs. S. E. Hughes, treasurer of the Southern Branch, gave a splendid report; but as she looked forward into another year of service she had to say: "Remember, ladies, that the regular work is just as needy and just as thrilling as the specials."

The ladies of the Missionary Societies know that "the joy of the Lord' is service. It is an uplift to attend their meetings. As one of them said of missionaries at the front, so might a company of pastors say at a Woman's Missionary meeting, "We are associating ourselves with choice souls."

La Canada, California.

A CAMPAIGN OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.

Miles B. Fisher.

The Congregational Sunday School Society has for seven years past been urging that our churches and Sunday schools improve their teaching, both as to matter and manner. The election of Dr. F. K. Sanders of Yale to be the general secretary of the society was the first token of the society's conception of its new work; the prolific pen and leadership of Dr. B. S. Winchester, the educational secretary, is the second; the engagement of Prof. E. P. St. John and Miss Margaret Slattery as special writers and platform leaders was the third; the appointment of educational secretaries for the Southwest and for the Pacific Coast the fourth, and the impending campaign or religious education is, for us on the Pacific Coast, the fifth evidence of the vigor of this new department.

Miss Slattery and Dr. Winchester come West this summer. Beginning May 14th, Miss Slattery, Prof. Geo. D. Castor of the Pacific Theological Seminary and the Coast educational secretary plan to hold institutes or conferences at Los Angeles, Heber, in the Imperial Valley, where there is a collegiate institute, Claremont, where Pomona College is, San Diego, San Jose, Oakland and San Francisco.

Prof. Castor leaves the party here, while Miss Slattery and Mr. Fisher go to Spokane, where Dr. Winchester will be found after his tour through the northern tier of states. The three will then hold institutes, conferences, where time is brief, at Spokane, Cheney, Walla Walla, Tacoma and Seattle, in Washington, at Portland and perhaps at one other point in Oregon, and at Sacramento and Stockton upon return to California, ending the campaign just in season for the great Sunday School Covention in San Francisco. In early July Miss Slattery and Mr. Fisher may join with others in a brief institute. The plans for this are somewhat tentative and require to be passed upon by the Southern California Conference, which meets next week.

THE WORK AT BAY POINT.

After an interval of perhaps a year it has been immensely satisfactory to visit again the Christian people of Bay Point. Gardens must have been stripped to decorate the church with roses, syringa and callas. About seventy people were in attendance, not much beyond the usual audience, and of these a good half were men and boys. A ready act of memory carries one back three years, when a house to house canvass of the new community resulted in a handful of windblown people in a cold room to talk about beginning a Sunday-school. That beginning was early doomed. The revival of the school, after another canvass, was with slightly better promise as far as meeting place was concerned, and with much better promise in the matter of leaders and helpers.

The Home Missionary Society early co-operated in providing preaching, and for some time the Sunday School Society, departing from its practice, sent a man from Berkeley to handle the Sunday-school and paid his expenses. Last Sunday the school numbered 52, and averages nearly 50. The membership of the church is 16, and this month their first communion will be celebrated with a communion set newly purchased. The building, into which much consecrated labor has gone, is valued at about $2,500, and the lot $750. When the Church Building Society shall have sent them the $1,000 already voted, the church will be clear of debt. Mr. Nicolai Evanson, the happy pastor, received his diploma from our seminary last week and seeks ordination by the Upper Bay Association later this month. His facility in the Scandinavian languages has made him the man above all others for that field, where Norwegians are relatively numerous. Ours is the only church in the town. The steady fostering of our missionary societies, the breadth of the organization, the personality of the men who have been sent to serve them, and the good sense of the people themselves have kept the Christian people together in beautiful harmony, without jealousy or threat of schism.

The Sunday-schol has a library of thirty-six new volumes, which has proven its usefulness by several weeks of lively circulation. It is the only library in town. It should be three times as large. If any reader of this would help the good work let him send either money for new books, or good, fresh books themselves, to Mrs. A. G. Houge, Bay Point, Cal., who is the very efficient superintendent of the Sunday-school. M. B. F.

THE BROTHERHOOD'S BIRTHDAY.

April 29-30, 1908-1911.

A Note of Appreciation.

As we come to another mile-stone, we very naturally look backward as well as forward. The way by which we have come has been at no point a solitary one. The friends of the Brotherhood have been so numerous and hearty that good cheer has been our constant portion. The Brotherhood has at no point sought to serve itself. "OTHERS" has been its key-word. Its main contribution has been a new atmosphere of expectation and responsibility among men.

As to efficiency: We believe that the National Brotherhood has:

1. Brought a new masculine emphasis to the Churches;
2. Kept central in all its work the ideal of Brotherhood;
3. Permeated the men's club movement with a religious purpose;
4. Greatly increased the male percentage of activity and membership in the Churches;
5. Launched the Department of Labor and Social Service;
6. Loyally supported our great Missionary Societies;
7. Established the National Boys' Brotherhood;
8. Emphasized the element of aggressiveness in the denomination's life;
9. Campaigned with the Laymen's Missionary Movement;
10. Joined in the inauguration of and will participate vigorously in "The Men and Religious Forward Movement."

After three years of work we see no better way to accomplish these ends than through The Brotherhood.

The Brotherhood has been loyally supported financially. Probably no national organization in the history of Congregationalism has received more adequate support in the first three years of its life. It is highly desirable that an increasing number of men shall now share in this support.

During the last week the entire budget from October 1, 1910, to October 1, 1911, has been underwritten by the Directors, and they are busy securing these amounts among the men of their vicinity. This guarantees the prosecution of the enlarged policies of the Brotherhood without abatement.

The Directors in this Birthday week desire to put on record their appreciation of the hearty co-operation which has been given from the beginning until now by our ministers, our laymen, our denominational press, our college and seminary leaders and our National Societies.

With deep gratitude to Almighty God, and with greetings to all our fellow-workers, we enter upon the fourth year.

In behalf of the Directors of the Brotherhood,

ALFRED COIT, President.

FRANK DYER,
HENRY A. ATKINSON,
Secretaries.

SAN DIEGO ASSOCIATION.

The semi-annual meeting of the San Diego Congregational Association, held in Chula Vista, April 25, was conspicuous for the high inspirational mark reached. The spirits of all were lifted at the very start, above the usual level of routine administrative business which characterizes the generality of such gatherings. The theme of the morning addresses, "Practicing the Presence of God," was made the heart of the opening devotional exercises, led by Rev. Chas. W. Hill, of La Mesa. Interspersed with silent and uttered prayers and hymns which breathed the spirit of aspiration, the three phases of this lofty topic were treated by Revs. S. G. Emerson, E. S. Hill and E. E. P. Abbott, who dwelt upon the continuing and experienced God as Father, Saviour and Comforter. Rev. Mr. McClean of Escondido brought the whole subject to a thoughtful conclusion by emphasing the inevitable corollary of God's presence as a habit of life, if we focus our love and reverence upon Jesus Christ.

The afternoon session was denominated "controversial," as the morning was "devotional." The topic, "The Sunday-school," however, certainly engendered no dissentient opinion, and partook, rather, of the nature of a Round Table on practical methods. A genial unanimity of sentiment prevailed, although the Moderator, Rev. Clifford N. Hand, was plainly hoping that mighty shocks and collisions of cherished ideas might light up the two-hour session. The delegates were content, however, to take the pabulum provided for them, and find no fault. And it was certainly of a rarely edible and nutritious character. Mrs. G. S. Fox opened the topic with a carefully prepared and convincing paper on "The Teacher in Training," approaching the subject from the angle of the modern trained psychologist, who models his pedagogy on the scientific lines laid down by students of juvenile and adolescent traits of character. A breezy and informal talk followed on "Handling the Boys" by Mr. John L. Morgan, of La Jolla, whose success as teacher of the most irrepressible class of bipeds in that Sunday-school is as unquestioned as it is encouraging. The paper of the Moderator on the mooted question, "Shall Children Attend the Church?" elaborated this matter so temperately yet so cogently, that the Association voted it worthy of a wider publicity, and asked the favor of its submission to The Pacific.

The closing address of the afternoon was given by Dr. E. F. Hallenbeck of the Presbyterian Church of San Diego, and was an eloquent flight of impassioned rhetoric upon "The Enabling Vision." In the face of Jesus Christ, he said, appear the eternal stimuli to holy and helpful living. In the hush of this inspiring thought, the session was closed with a number of earnest prayers.

A diversity of lines were followed by the group of evening speakers. Rev. Shelton Bissell of La Jolla emphasized the three planks of our denominational platform—Independence, Interdependence and Dependence, with especial stress laid upon the last factor, whereby, as a living body, we draw our life from Jesus Christ. Rev. Josiah Poeton followed with a ringing testimony to his belief in the kinship of religion with all the splendid and virile qualities of humanity. His faith in a coming universal and undivided church evoked responsive enthusiasm. In a quiet and more intense vein Rev. Willard B. Thorp of San Diego developed the real mission of the church, which is not yet ready for the caption, "Ichabod." So long as the church interprets and blesses life to the puzzled, troubled and sinning, so long will its glory remain. As was fitting the Association was dismissed by an address by Rev. Ralph B. Larkin, the Missionary Superintendent of the Conference. The lines of anxiety, due to financial vicissitude, had disappeared from his brow, and his welcome announcement that the largest monthly offering ever received by the society had reached the office in March, sent pastors and delegates home in a thankful and hopeful mood.

The following resolution was adopted:

We, the representatives of the Congregational Churches of San Diego county, California, constituting a constituency of several thousand persons, in Association assembled in Chula Vista, desire to express our hearty approval of the Anglo-American arbitration agreement, lately proposed by Earl Gray and President Taft. We believe that if such an agreement might be entered into between England and America, a long stride toward world peace would be taken.

We propose that this expression of opinion be forwarded to the secretary of the Southern California Conference, and urge that, if possible, a resolution on this matter be drafted by said Conference.

Royal entertainment was given by the ladies of the Chula Vista Church and their genial pastor, the Rev. Edward MacLellan.

SHELTON BISSELL.

CAMPBELL.

The church at Campbell held its annual meeting Thursday afternoon of last week. One hundred and twenty-five persons partook of the dinner which was served after the business session.

A parsonage committee was appointed.

Sunday evening, April 30th, Mr. Arthur Arlett of Berkeley gave an address on the Brotherhood.

At the recent service celebrating the Tercentenary of the King James Bible the audience was greatly interested in the collection of Bibles on the side table. One of them printed in the reign of Charles I in 1626, just fifteen years after the Authorized version. Another being an old manuscript copy written by one of the monks of Asia Minor,

and antedating the days of printing. Various other Bibles in various languages were on the Biblearium and the audience spent considerable time after the service looking at them. A large delegation came out from San Jose, and several drove over from Saratoga.

ABOVE AND BELOW.

O dwellers in the valley land,
Who deep in twilight grope and cower,
Till the slow mountain's dial hand
Shortens to noon's triumphal hour,
While ye sit idle, do ye think
The Lord's great work sits idle, too?
That light dare not o'erleap the brink
Of morn, because 'tis dark with you?

Though yet your valleys skulk in night,
In God's ripe fields the day is cried,
And reapers, with their sickles bright,
Troop, singing, down the mountain-side;
Come up, and feel what health there is
In the frank Dawn's delighted eyes,
As, bending with a pitying kiss,
The night-shed tears of Earth she dries!

The Lord wants reapers! oh, mount up,
Before night comes, and says, "Too late!"
Stay not for taking scrip or cup,
The Master hungers while ye wait;
'Tis from these heights alone your eyes
The advancing spears of day can see,
That o'er the eastern hilltops rise,
To break your long captivity.

* * * * * *

Lone watcher on the mountain-height,
It is right precious to behold
The first long surf of climbing light
Flood all the thirsty east with gold;
Be we, who in the shadow sit,
Know also when the day is nigh,
Seeing thy shining forehead lit
With his inspiring prophecy.

Thou hast thine office; we have ours;
God lacks not early service here,
But what are thine eleventh hours
He counts with us for morning cheer;
Our day, for him, is long enough,
And when he giveth work to do,
The bruised reed is amply tough
To pierce the shield of error through.

But not the less do thou aspire
Light's earlier messages to preach;
Keep back no syllable of fire,
Plunge deep the rowels of thy speech.
Yet God deems not thine aeried sight
More worthy than our twilight dim;
For meek obedience, too, is Light,
And following that is finding him.

—James Russell Lowell.

Have you read "A Modern Revolt from Rome?" Jennings & Graham, 5 City Hall Ave., San Francisco.

OREGON LETTER.

By George H. Himes.

April 30, 1911, will long be remembered in the history of the Sunnyside Congregational Church of Portland, Oregon. It is the red-letter day of its history up to the present hour. This church was organized August 2, 1892, as a branch of the First Church, first as a Sunday-schol and a few weeks later as a Home Misisonary church, and its first place of meeting was in a public hall. Rev. J. J. Staub was at the head of the organization at the beginning, and still is its directing mind. In a litle less than two years and a half a lot and a house of worship was secured. In due time this edifice was outgrown and an addition became necessary. The enthusiasm of the pastor in all his labors has been so contagious that all his parishioners have been affected by it.

It is related that when the Home Missionary Superintendent saw this church for the first time after the original frame was up, he said to Mr. Staub, "My dear brother, why do you build so large a church as this? It is larger than you will have any use for during the next forty years!" Mr. Staub, being of German descent, was aroused by that challenge, and felt the iron enter his veins. He not only determined to fill the then new church, but to create a necessity for a still larger one.

And now, at the end of sixteen years of unremitting labor—a pastorate of nineteen years in the same place—the day has come to dedicate a very handsome and commodious house of worship, built after the latest and most approved church architectural plans, especial account being taken in the matter of acoustics, lighting and ventilation, three points woefully lacking in otherwise well-constructed houses of worship. The auditorium, with its galleries, will seat nine hnudred; the lecture room and galleries, five hundred. Should the necessity ever arise other rooms can be used so that the combined seating capacity may be fifteen hundred.

The new structure occupies a space of 100x100 feet on the southeast corner of East Taylor and East Thirty-second streets, in one of the most thickly settled districts of the city, and is two blocks from one of the principal street car lines. It is built of beautiful native stone, and the design is of old English Gothic. An unobstructed view of the pulpit and choir may be had from every sitting. The beauty of the building is greatly enhanced by an unusually large number of art glass windows given by members and friends of the church, some of them as memorials. The following are some of the leading subjects: "The Resurrection," "Christ at the at the Well of Samaria," "Christ at the Home of Mary and Martha," "Christ Among the Doctors," "Christ Blessing Little Children."

The rooms on the lower floor have not yet been finished, but the Ladies' Aid Society have undertaken that enterprise. Every phase of modern church activity will be accommodated in rooms especially adapted to their various uses, and the work of preparing the same will be undertaken at once.

The cost of the church as it now stands is about $42,000, all of which has been provided for. The membership of the church is now approximately three hundred and fifty; and the spirit of loyalty and devotion to the appointed work of the church on the part of pastor and people was never more fully exemplified than in the inception and progress of this enterprise.

The ceremony of dedication was conducted by Pastor Staub, with brief addresses by Rev. George E. Paddack, D.D., the present superintenent of the Home Missionary Society

of Oregon, Rev. Cephas F. Clapp, of the church at Washougal, Washington, State Home Missionary Superintendent, when the church was organized, and Rev. Luther R. Dyott, D.D., the latter making the dedication address.

Dr. Paddack asked, "Do Home Missions Pay?" He said, "The answer is in the life and work of this church as a factor on bringing men, women and children into the Kingdom of God."

During the services every available seat in the edifice was occupied and a goodly number of persons were standing in the vestibules.

Ministers and delegates from eleven churches of the Pilgrim faith who belong to the Portland Association, met with the University Park Congregational Church last Tuesday afternoon in the fifteenth annual meeting. Rev. G. W. Nelson, of St. Johns, was elected moderator, and Rev. Herbert G. Crocker, of the Atkinson Memorial Church, scribe. The central thought of the Association was the demand of the times, "For Better Things," and the topics to emphasize that thought were as follows:

"New Movements in the Sunday-school Work"; "Winning the Boys and Girls for Christ and the Church"; "Making the Prayer-meeting More Effective"; "Bringing the Y. P. S. C. E. to Greater Efficiency"; "Enriching the Service"; "Deepening the Spiritual Life"; "Gaining a More Helpful Acquaintances with the Bible"; "Better Things in Our Benevolences."

Rev. D. B. Gray, Congregational City Misisonary, gave a review of the work of Congregational Churches in Portland for ten years.

In the time allotted to the women for the consideration of missionary work, the following subjects were discussed: "How to Interest the Women of Our Churches," Mrs. E. S. Bollinger; "How to Interest the Young People and Children," Mrs. Mercy S. Clark; "Woman's Present Opportunities," Mrs. Walter Hoge; "The Man Behind the Baggage," Mrs. A. Ehrgott; "The Cradle Roll," Mrs. Harold Gilbert; "Some Conditions Which Call for Better Things," Mrs. Lola G. Baldwin. This address related especially to the better protection of homeless young girls and the punishment of the scoundrels who attempt to lead them astray.

Under the topic of "Some Other Conditions That Also Call for Better Things," Rev. William Parsons set forth the importance of the work of the Anti-Saloon League, and the necessity for all moral forces to unite in the opposing the liquor traffic; and further, to agitate the matter of the rigid inspection of so-called "soft drinks," in order to prevent the use of deleterious drugs.

The Convention closed on Wednesday evening with an address on the "Outlook for Better Things among Oregon Congregationalists," by Rev. George E. Paddack, D.D., and an address on "Individual Responsibility," by Rev. L. R. Dyott, D.D.

Portland, April 30, 1911.

WHAT SPOILED THE COFFEE.

A family living in East Orange has a model servant who has proved herself the best cook they ever had, but she has insisted upon making up all her dishes strictly according to her own recipes.

"Margaret," said the mistress, one day, "the coffee you are giving us is very good. What kind is it?"

"It is no kind at all, mum," was the reply. "It's a mixture."

"Well, won't you tell me how you mix it?"

"Sure, mum. I make it one-quarter Mocha, one-quarter Java, and one-quarter Rio."

"Yes, but that is only three-quarters. What do you put in for the other quarter?"

"Why, I put in no other quarter at all, mum. That's where so many people spoil their coffee, mum, by puttin' in a fourth quarter, mum."—Success Magazine.

The Home.

FRETFUL CARES.

The little cares that fretted me, I lost them yesterday,
Among the fields above the sea, among the waves at play;
Among the lowing of the herds, the rustling of the trees,
Among the singing of the birds, the humming of the bees.

The foolish fears of what may happen, I sent them all away,
Among the clover-scented grass, among the new-mown hay;
Among the husking of the corn, where drowsy poppies nod,
Where ill thoughts die and good are born—out in the fields with God.

—E. B. Browning.

IRISH EYES.

"Now, thin, Patsy, darlint, it's nigh half-past six. Jump up, me jewel; it'll nivver do to be late the first mornin,, nivver at all."

Norah Muldoon's mother-heart was sore, because she had to awaken the child out of the sound sleep which was his due. Patsy was just eleven, a slender slip of a boy, with a handsome, eager face, and deep, black eyes, full of pathos and fun, Irish eyes, the most irresistible in the world.

Norah thought how like he was to his handsome father, who had left her a widow at twenty-eight with five children to provide for, of whom Patsy was the eldest. Up till now, when he was about to make his first adventure in the world, he had been her right hand, and better to her than any daughter. Patsy it was who kept the home clean, and looked after the childer, while she went out to earn their bread. But realizing that the time had come for Patsy to make a start in life she had hired him to a greengrocer, at whose place he was due for the first time that morning at half-past six. The child stirred in his sleep, and then opened his eyes.

"Get into your clothes, me jewel; an' here's a red comforter o' yer blessed father's to keep ye warrum an' cosy. It'll make a man ov ye, plaze God."

Patsy smiled and his face assumed a cherubim look, which was partly misleading. He was not by any means a saintly boy. He could hold his own with boys twice his size in Peckham High-road, and as his mother had it, "fight like the divel." She was supremely proud of his prowess in that direction, and the idea of reproving him for it would have filled her with amazement and scorn.

He was going to a greengrocer who had been a Covent Garden porter of the rougher sort, and who was at heart a bully. Of terrific strength, his face red with exposure to the weather, his great fists and arms capable of lifting any weight, he looked with some good-natured scorn at Patsy when he appeared, a trifle blue with the cold that morning, at the open door of the shop in Lordship-lane.

" "Ullo,' shrimp, ten minutes late; 'tain't a good beginning!"he said grimly. "Don't let it 'appen again. If we'd been goin' to the 'Garding' where would yer 'ave bin?—chucked afore you was took on, so to speak. Arf-past four tomorra mornin, bein' Saturday, and Garding mornin'."

Patsy, thus rebuked, set to work, as directed, to clear out a great wooden bin which seemed to grow up one end of the shop, and which held potatoes, of which Mr. Edwin Bacon was a large retailer. It was very hard work for a small boy, and by the time it was finished there was no trace of shivering or cold about Patsy Muldoon.

When Mr. Bacon came downstairs from his substantial breakfast of chump chop and chips, which had filled the whole premises with a distressingly appetizing odor, he was pleased to signify his approval, and immediately to set Patsy to another job of similar magnitude. The shop was very dirty, because Mr. Bacon was not successful in keeping assistants, even of the baser sort, and he was too lazy to clean up himself.

Mrs. Muldoon, passing up Lordship-lane, had seen the legend, "Smart errand-boy wanted," and in fear and trembling had gone in to make inquiry on her son's behalf. The ease with which the job was secured might have warned her, since there are more boys in Peckham than there are situations for. Patsy was very tired when he crawled home that night, and could only give a confused account of the events of the day. His mother saw that he was discouraged, and that the tears were rather near his eyes. His heart was soft, like his Irish eyes, and she, cast in the same mould, knew that sympathy was a dangerous medicine. So she abstained from its verbal expression, and busied herself with giving the child a good supper, and finally, having bathed his tired feet in mustard and hot water, put him to bed at half-past nine. When she thought of getting him up before four o'clock next morning her heart sank, and for the first time she felt that life was harder than it ought to be on the widow and the fatherless. Patsy, however, was not so difficult to awaken next morning. He had slept only fitfully, being haunted by visions of Mr. Bacon's terrifying eye and very loud voice should he be late. He arrived at Lordship-lane punctually at the hour, to find the donkey-cart before the door and Mr. Bacon prepared to mount.

"Oh, there ye are, nipper; jes' in time. Git in then, and let us be orf. When we gits to the Garding maybe you'll understand what it means to git theer among the fust."

The Garden was the most tremendous revelation to Patsy. He saw nothing of its bawling chaos, its steady roar of human life, but only its beauty. Spring runs riot at Covent Garden in the early hours of Saturday mornings in March. You are not in London at all but away in country places where the daffodils blow, and where the primroses carpet little bosky dells under the spread trees, nestling close to gurgling streams; you smell the violets under the hedgerows, and feel yourself wandering deep in dewy meadows, where there is nothing but melody and peace. Patsy's eyes grew round and wonderful, shining like angel's eyes, which have the mystery of being in them. His ears were tuned to heavenly melodies, and were immune from cursing and wild words, of which that day he had already had his full share. For in his bewilderment and awe and joy he permitted the donkey to wander from its moorings, so that Mr. Bacon, when he came back with an armful of greenstuff, was at a loss to find it. He swore hard for the space of a minute when he did spy out his belongings, and did not forget to cuff the ears of his unfortunate assistant. But Patsy did not mind. He had been, nay, he was, in glory-land, and could make light of the sword dangling at the gates. There are compensations in every lot. Patsy, the despised and buffeted drudge of Mr. Edward Bacon, had only one. Three mornings a week did he accompany his hard task-master to "the Garding," and in the intervening days dreamed of what he saw. The wealth and masses of the flowers filled him with a sort of ecstasy, and took him to the land of dreams. Quickly Patsy achieved an ideal—to be able some day to go right away into the heart of the country with his mother and the little ones, and live among the beauty, which must be there, since it was the home of the flowers. Patsy had never been any nearer the country than Hampstead Heath on a Bank Holiday, and that only once. But now he thought of little else. A dreamer could not be expected to come up to the working standard of Mr. Edward Bacon, who forthwith made his drudge's life a burden to him. The undisputed fact that he was the most willing and the most useful boy he had ever had made no difference to Mr. Bacon's methods of procedure. He must bully something, and Patsy came oftenest in his way. It told upon the child. He had been thin when he went; he seemed to shoot up in a few weeks' time, till he became positively gaunt; and the pathos of his mouth, the appeal in his eyes, often smote his mother to the heart. But, knowing the fear and the danger of sympathy, she spoke none. Only she prayed harder, and sometimes in her most bitter moments accused the good God of forgetting her altogether. It was on the back of one of these black, despairing moods, when she had seen Patsy depart, shivering in the chill of a September morning, to "the Garding," that the great event happened. Mr. Bacon was more than usually cross-grained that morning, and Patsy had not dared to move from his post at the donkey's head while Mr. Bacon, having fortified himself with a thick sandwich and a big cup of coffee, without thought of sharing them with Patsy, disappeared into the depths to procure his barrow load. Patsy, whose legs felt unaccountably tired, had climbed on to the little cart, and in less than three minutes was fast asleep.

Nobody paid any attention to him, till a very unusual figure came along—a young lady, neatly attired in a home-spun coat and skirt, accompanied by an older woman, whose business it was to act as chaperone and general instructress to Miss Nancy Le Strange.

Before the donkey-cart of Mr. Bacon, where a sad-faced child slept soundly through a din that might have awakened the dead, Miss Nancy paused with sweet eyes full of pity.

"Oh, Trusty," she said, "do look at that poor child. He is cold and hungry, I am sure, and ought to be in his bed. What a shame that he should have to be here at this time in the morning!"

At the moment Mr. Bacon, who had not been able to drive the bargain which his soul loved, arrived with part of his load, and, seeing the state of affairs, cursed roundly, and with a bunch of celery hit Patsy about the head. The child awoke with a cry, and struggled to his feet, dazed and terrified—all of which Miss Nancy saw, to her own extreme indignation.

"You—you great coward; how dare you hit the poor child!" she cried, being one of those who are without fear or guile where conscience is concerned.

Mr. Bacon, at this onslaught, spat on the pavement, and regarded her with a frank defiance and contempt. He knew her kind. There were many ladies in search of adventure and fresh sensations who came down to the Garden of a morning to see what they could see. Well, he would give her something to remember.

"Mind yer own business, miss," he said, with an ugly sneer. "Take my adwice, and mind it well. In a plice like this, wheer no reel lydy would come, it'll be a good thing, a werry good thing, fer ye. This 'ere business and this 'ere kid is mine, an' don't yer go fer to furgit it."

The menacing glare of the man terrified her, and Miss Truscott dragged her away; but only before Nancy had taken stock of the name and address printed in crazy letters on the shaft of the little cart. That very afternoon she paid a visit to Lordship-lane. She arranged it opportunely because on Garden mornings it was Mr. Bacon's custom to sleep for a couple of hours after a heavy mid-day meal, leaving the nipper in charge.

Nancy's relief was great when she saw the child, leaning up against the side of the counter, and no one else in sight. She entered the shop, asked for a pound of apples, and in a few minutes more was in full possession of the brief facts of Patsy's life.

Next day she made another pilgrimage in a different direction, and found Norah Muldoon at home. The rest was easy.

Nancy was one of those in whom the fire of youth and enthusiasm and passionate desire to redress wrongs burns like a steady fire, and she had the power. The next Friday morning Mr. Bacon received a great surprise.

"Please, sir, I'm not comin' back arter tomorra," said Patsy, not at all timidly, but in a brave, cheerful voice, fruit of his glad and cheerful heart.

"Not a-comin' back, after all I've bin and done fer ye, ungrateful young shaver! I suppose as 'ow some o' them blokes abart the market 'as bin an' offered yer more money. How much 'as they offered? I'll go a shillin' better, wotever it is."

"No, no," said Patsy, with a far-away look in his big, soft Irish eyes. "We're all goin' in the country, to live right where the flowers come from."

Mr. Bacon gave a snort of mingled rage and disapproval.

"The country! I don't think much of it; nor will you, wen you gits there. It ain't what it's cracked up to be. There ain't any comfort in the country—no gas, no lamps, no trams, no trains, no nuthin'. It's a 'owlin' wilderess, nipper, that's wot it be. You stop 'ere, an' no more nonsenst.'

"Oh, but we cant, because the house is ready; an' me muther, she's to keep wot they calls the lodge, an' I'm to go in the stable, or to be a house-boy to the kind, pretty lady. So it'll be good-bye to you tomorrow, Mr. Bacon."

Then Mr. Bacon spat upon the floor once more, and swore one of his most terrifying oaths. But Patsy heard him as he heard him not.

The gleam of the coming sunshine was in his pathetic Irish eyes, the scent of a thousand daffodils blowing in his nostrils, and in his ears the ecstasy of the wind among the trees.—David Lyall in The British Weekly.

Have you read "A Modern Revolt from Rome?" Jennings & Graham, 5 City Hall Ave., San Francisco.

Our Young People

JOHNNY-JUMP-UP.

When little Johnny-jump-up shoved his head above the ground,
He winked his saucy yellow eyes and then he looked around,
And saw the sunshine all about and blue sky overhead,
"I'm glad I blossomed out in such a pretty world!" he said.

"I'm glad the grass is all so green, the earth so warm and brown!
I'm glad I have a yellow hat and such a pretty gown!
And I shall stand here all day long and say to everything
That looks into my happy face, 'It's spring, you know! It's spring!'"
—St. Nicholas.

THE LITTLE TIN ROOSTER.

There was once upon a time a little tin rooster which stood very high indeed on the top of the Town Hall steeple. He was a new little rooster with a very long tail. He shone and glittered in the sun; and he thought to himself, as he stood there so far above all the other roosters down below in the barn yards: "Now, this is because I am made of tin and have such a very long tail. They put me up here on the steeple for all the world to see."

The little tin rooster stood perfectly still and felt very proud, and spread out his tail in the pleasant sunshine. He did not remember that he should be of some use in the world. He was thinking only of how pretty he looked in the sunlight. He was vain of his tin feathers, and he began to make a great deal of trouble for the people down in the village.

Out in the harbor the old sailor had anchored his ship. He was going for a long voyage to foreign ports when the wind blew in from the west. There he would buy silk dresses for the grandmothers, sugar and spices for the cooks, great, round oranges for all the little boys, and French dolls for all the little girls.

"Ahoy, ahoy, up there!" the old sailor called out to the little rooster on the steeple. "What way is the wind? I stand here that all the world may see how my tail glitters."

And the little rooster on the steeple stood quite still and never moved. As for the old sailor, why of course, he couldn't sail that day.

Down in the meadow the busy farmer stood ready with his scythe to cut down his hay. Before he swung it over his shoulder, though, he looked up at the little rooster on the steeple.

"Halloo, up there!" he said. "Which way is the wind? Will it blow from the east today?"

"Now, how can I tell?" said the vain little rooster. "It is no affair of mine which way the wind blows. I stand here that all the world may see how brightly I shine in the sunshine."

The farmer swung his scythe. Swish, swish it went, and the yellow hay lay in great rows along the field. Then he raked it into round haycocks; but just as he had finished—splash, splash, patter, patter. Ah! the wind had come up from the east, bringing the rain, and the farmer's hay was quite spoiled, all because of the foolish little rooster.

In the wee cottage by the lane mother dear was washing the baby's clothes. Caps and socks and frocks and

tiny jackets there were in a red tub, and covered with snow-white soapsuds. Mother dear had her sleeves rolled to her elbows, and as she washed and rinsed and wrung the pretty things she looked through the vines that grew around the cottage door, and up at the little rooster on the steeple.

"Will there be soft south wind today?" she asked, "to dry the baby's clothes?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," said the little tin rooster. "You see I have no time to attend to such affairs. I am up here to be admired, and not to watch the wind."

So mother dear hung all the baby's clothes out on the line; but, alas! no soft south wind came by. The clothes did not dry at all that day, which was partly the fault of the proud little rooster.

Then Billy Boy came out in the village street to play with his fine new kite.

"Oho, little rooster on the steeple!" Billy Boy called. "Will you tell the old North Wind that I want him?"

"Not I," said the little tin rooster. "I should have to turn myself about for that, and then my fine tail would not show so well. I am up here for all the world to see."

"Who-oo-oo-o said that?" It was the old North Wind who had heard the little rooster. "Who-oo-oo-o said he would not turn for me?"

"I did," said the little rooster quite bravely. "I am not going to turn for anybody."

"Whee-ee-e! we'll see about that," said the North Wind.

So the North Wind blew and blew and blew, but the little tin rooster never moved from where he stood on the steeple. Then the North Wind blew and blew and blew some more.

Crash! Down went the proud little rooster to the ground. There he still lies, with his pretty tin feathers all covered with rust. There is a new weather vane on the steeple, which always turns with the wind.—Carolyn S. Bailey, in Kindergarten Review.

THE LILAC.

The sun shone warm, and the lilac said,
"I must hurry and get my table spread,
For if I am slow, and dinner is late,
My friends, the bees, will have to wait."

So delicate lavender glass she brought,
And the daintiest china ever bought,
In purple tinted, and all complete;
And she filled each cup with honey sweet.

"Dinner is ready!" the spring wind cried;
And from hive and hiding, far and wide.
While the lilac laughed to see them come,
The little gray jacketed bees came—"hum-m."

They sipped the syrup from every cell,
They nibbed at taffy and caramel;
Then without being asked, they all buzzed, "We
"Shall be very happy to stay to tea."

—Clara D. Bates.

HOW ANIMALS GROOM THEMSELVES.

How animals make their toilets and keep themselves neat and tidy is an interesting study. Most of them are by nature cleanly and each has its own peculiar way of keeping so.

The cat carries her clothes-brush in her mouth, for with her rough tongue she cleanses her glossy coat as a boy brushes off his clothes. She licks one of her front paws and rubs it over her face, and she is ready for her breakfast.

Foxes, dogs, and wolves do not use their mouths when they need to wash and brush, but scratch themselves vigorously with their hind paws and are as fresh as ever.

The cow, with her long, rough tongue, combs her coat of hair until it is clean and curly. The horse, more than any other animal, depends on his owner to keep his coat in proper condition, but often he will roll on the green grass or rub himself down against a tree or fence.

Field mice comb their hair with their hind legs, and the fur-seal in a similar manner spends as much time as a woman in making herself look smart.

Although the elephant appears to be thick-skinned and callous, he takes great care of his skin. He often himself a shower bath by drawing water into his long trunk and blowing it on the different parts of his body. After the bath he sometimes rolls himself in a toilet preparation of dust to keep off the flies.—From Our Dumb Animals.

NO MORE GREEN TEA.

There will be no more green tea after May 1, but those who have been in the habit of using it may get tea which tastes the same but looks different. The same thin, aromatic flavor will be found, but the leaf will be dry and yellow and not of the present polished emerald hue. It is simply a matter of eliminating coloring matter.

The Tea Board at Washington, which consists of seven tea experts, appointed at the instance of the more reputable tea merchants of this country to keep the standard of tea sold in this country as high as possible, ruled recently that, in order to avoid the confusion of having to label each package of green tea as "artificially colored," it would be better to order the Chinese and Japanese tea growers to cure the tea without coloring it.

Black tea has been cured simply by drying it in the sun. But green tea has been cured by the Japanese and Chinese by a quicker process. The fresh-plucked tea leaves are put in a pot over a fire. As they are dried the Chinaman or Japanese, who stands over the pot, rakes over the leaves constantly with his fingers and sprinkles them with small pinches of a certain mysterious powder.

So little of this powder is used that one pinch will color a whole chest of fifty pounds. So little is the exact nature of this powder understood by Occidentals that none of the tea importers could tell of what it was chemically composed.

"It's just a Chinese powder," said one importer. "No one knows where the Chinese get it from or exactly what change it makes in the leaves during the firing process. It makes the drying leaves change from an unattractive yellow to a lustrous green, and it also preserves them so that they can stand the long sea voyage which, until half a century ago, meant a four months' voyage around Cape Horn."

It is the use of this powder by the Chinese and Japanese that the Tea Board at Washington is going to stop. The Board made an agreement with the tea merchants of the country that no more tea colored and preserved with the powder should be imported and sold in this country after May 1. The Board also warned the business men of China and Japan, who oversee the picking and preserving of the tea leaves, that they must find another way to preserve green tea.

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HOW ONE MAN SAVED FLORIDA'S RICH SWAMP LAND.

Events seem to prove that this nation is today "land mad." Therefore, such an admirable article as John L. Mathews' contribution on swamp lands in the April Hampton's has a timely and forceful interest. The facts, according to Mr. Mathews, are that in the United States over 80,000,000 acres of our very best and richest land are under water. "Drain it," says Mr. Mathews; and he points to the State of Florida as an example. Florida had 20,000,000 acres of swamp land, of which she proceeded to give away more than 17,000,000 acres.

"Then the right man appeared," says Mr. Mathews, "a big, bluff, silent, powerful chap, who had made a reputation filibustering around Cuba, seconding and supporting revolutions, and doing daring things in the way of rescuing wrecked and stranded vessels. Napoleon B. Broward came forward trying to find a governor who would stand for State control and State development of the Everglades. He could not find one, so he ran himself. They say he traveled the length and breadth of Florida waving a map of the Everglades in his hand. As soon as he was elected he began his work, fighting strenuously against organized railway opposition.

"Florida had created a drainage commission and assessed a tax on the railway owned lands for their drainage. That was upset by the courts. Then the legislature passed a direct taxation law for the same purpose and this the courts upheld. It lays a tax of six cents an acre on all the land in the great drainage districts. That which involves the Everglades includes some 4,000,000 acres, of which the State owns half.

"Into that wilderness of matted grass, islands of trees, alligators, and Seminole Indians. Broward started four great steel dredges, each from a different angle, at the sea edge. They tore out the soft limestone and the matted grass and soil in immense gulps, cutting canals sixty feet wide and ten feet deep into the rim of the rock which held the water over the land. As they advanced the water drained off and they are now well on to the shore of Lake Okeechobee, the central reservoir of the Everglades, with a million acres of dry land behind them, much of it already in cultivation.

"When they tap Okeechobee the whole water surface will drop away ten feet or more below its former level and leave a fertile region penetrated by permanent navigable canals.

"This is the most amazing region in America for the actual constituents of its soil. It has an enormous percentage of nitrogen, so that some of it could be worked commercially for the nitrogen alone and give a return of $6 per ton of soil. This nitrogen is an essential element in the growth of sugar, and yet it is not exhausted but rather increased by the constant cultivation of sugar. Sugar grown on this land gives marvelous results—as high as 6,000 pounds of dry sugar to the acre.

"Five hundred thousand acres of this land, a mere patch in the Everglades, will produce in a year more sugar than we now import from abroad; and it is difficult to conceive of a time when the overflow lands of Florida will be unable to keep up with the growth of our demand for sugar.

"The development of this land, and the saving of it for the State, is the work of Napoleon Broward, and it is being carried forward by his successor, Governor Gilchrist. What the State will do with the land in the end I cannot say. If she leased her 2,000,000 acres for $5 per acre per year she would have a great income for State, school, drainage, and general development. She would have money, rightfully belonging to the people, to carry them along to better things."

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